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A Queen's Thoughts.

It takes a good many operations of the mind to make up what can justly be called a thought; and as the Roumanian Queen herself made this observation, it may fairly be suggested that the title under which her collection of ingenious, witty, thoughtful notes has been brought out is not a perfectly appropriate one. They are all written with wonderful neatness and nicety; a most important point, considering how the whole character of the maxim may be altered by the omission or substitution of a word. One runs the risk of falling into some perversion of meaning in endeavoring to turn into plain English "thoughts" written in perfect French. The attempt, however, is worth making, and here are a number of "pensees" of Queen Elizabeth, selected, on no particular principle, from the first half of the volume:

"Women are bad through the fault of men; men are bad through the fault of women.

"The man loves above all the woman; the woman loves above all the children. [Here, of course, the fuller meaning belonging in French to the word *femine* is in the English lost].

"The savage woman is a beast of burden; the Turkish woman an animal of luxury; the European woman a little of both. [In the French, *une bete a deux fins*, a horse for either saddle or shaft].

"The honest woman is to the woman who is lost only a looking-glass in which the latter sees her wrinkles, and which in her rage she would like to smash.

"A woman emits sometimes a daring opinion; but she retires shocked if she is taken at her word."

Several of the thoughts about women are untranslated by reason of the double significance attached to the word *femme*. The following, for instance: *La femme du monde reste difficilement la femme de son mari.*

Women, the corners of whose mouth hang down, are, we suppose, illtempered; in which case the following piece of advice is excellent: "Do not marry a woman the corners of whose mouth hang down; but the mouth itself might be a cherry, but you would all the same find the fruit bitter.

"In matters of science women are so much accustomed to being treated as of no account that they mistrust savans who treat them seriously.

"A woman is stoned for an action which may be committed by a man of perfect honor.

"Women are considered unjust because they are impressionable; but impressions are often more just than judgments. It is the question of the Jury and the Judge.

"A woman who is unhappy is a flower exposed to the north wind; she remains for a long time a bud, and when she ought to burst into bloom she fades.

"Women seek to counteract in their children the defects of their husbands and those of his family.

"A woman who is not understood is a woman who does not understand others. [*Femme incomprise* in the original is of course much better than a 'woman who is not understood in the translation].

"It is because men are wanting in artistic sentiment that women paint themselves; if they had any feeling for the picturesque, rice-powder itself would disappear.

"Man destroys with horns like a bull, or with paws like a bear; woman by nibbling like a mouse, or by embracing like a serpent.

"Men study women as they study the barometer, but they only understand the day afterward."

"From selfishness men make severer laws for women than for themselves, without suspicion that by doing so they raise them above themselves.

"Forgiveness is almost indifference; while love lasts forgiveness is impossible.

"You hate the unhappy woman whom you would have liked to console.

"An excellent housewife is always in a state of despair; one would often like the house less perfectly kept and more peaceful."—*St. James Gazette.*

Writing Poetry Under Difficulties.

Scene: A young poetess engaged in writing an impassioned poem. Husband standing in an unsympathizing attitude, endeavoring to make himself heard:

Poetess: "Tell me, my heart, whence springs this bitter tear?"

Husband: "I've asked you for my slippers twice, my dear."

Poetess [in provoked prose]: "Oh! they're somewhere, Charles; do look for them yourself, and let me write!"

"Tell me, my heart, whence springs this bitter tear?"

Husband: "I tell you what, Jane, bacon's scarce this year!"

Poetess [angrily]: "Oh! Charles, I wish you would save your bacon, and let me write. You keep putting the rhyme out of my head."

Husband [pathetically]: "Ah! my dear, I wish I could do that!"

Poetess: "Tell me, my heart, whence springs this bitter tear?"

One of the children coughs violently in bed.

Husband [distractedly: "Poor Tommy's got the whooping-cough, I fear!"

Poetess [throwing down her pen in desperation, exclaims]: "Well; I wish you were all anywhere but here!"

An Unsatisfactory Will.

To make a will which shall give satisfaction to all the heirs is no easy matter. It does seem as if a man should be allowed to do what he chooses with his own property, as long as he does not injure society; but interested parties very frequently think differently, and only a wholesome fear of the penalty of the law keeps many a selfish person from following the example of the widow in the following incident.

A farmer's will was presented for probate (it was in old days) to an archdeacon during his visitation. He found a name scratched out. The widow stepped forward and explained: "I tells you how he be, sir. When we comes to look into the will, we sees £50 left to John Wheeler. 'What's he got to do with master's money?' says I. So I gets a knife and scratches him out, and that is just how he be, sir."—*Mozley's Oxford Reminiscences.*

Gloves, Old and New.

Gloves were articles of Oriental dress, for according to Xenophon they were worn by Cyrus the Persian; and Athenæous speaks of a celebrated gourmand who came to a banquet with gloved hands, that he might eat more rapidly than his fellow-guests, who had to wait until the viands were cool.

In ancient times a glove was employed as a token or pledge of faith in the making of contracts—a sort of substitute for the hand itself—being cast down by one contracting party, to be taken up as sealing the agreement by the other.

Before the union of England and Scotland, the Borderers having once pledged their faith to an enemy, regarded its violation as a grave crime; and, when such a breach of honor occurred, the injured person rode through the field at the next Border meeting, holding up a glove on the point of his spear—as a pledge of faith—and proclaimed the perfidy of him who had broken it. To wipe out such a stain, the criminal was often slain by his own clan.

Passing over all mention of the gloves worn by Knights with their mail armor, or having over-lapping plates of steel, I will name a few of those of which some note has made been made in history.

A fur-lined glove, worn by Henry VI, is still preserved in the old mansion that gave him shelter after the disastrous battle of Hexham (1464). The son-in-law of Tunstall, and "esquire of his body," Sir Ralph Pudsey, kept him in concealment at Bolton Hall, Yorkshire: and there, when he left his faithful host, he also left a boot, spoon and glove. The latter is of tanned leather, lined with hairy deer skin, turned over at the wrist as a deep cuff.

The embroidered gloves of Cœur de Lion lost him his liberty at one time, and might have cost him his life. He was lying in concealment in an enemy's country, and his page carried them very indiscreetly in his pocket—though perhaps for their better safety—when sent by his royal master to obtain food in the neighborhood of Vienna. How it happened it does not appear; but they were seen, and recognized as being only suitable for a crowned head to possess. The same night the King was captured by the Duke of Austria, and sold by him to Emporor Henry VI for 60,000 pounds of silver.

Anne Boleyn seems to have been very particular about her gloves, and it is recorded that her royal predecessor used to delight in making her play cards with them, that some little blemish in the shape of one of her nails might offend the King.

Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth took pride in this article of dress. It is said that the latter was extravagant in the extreme about them, and that a marvelous pair was at one time presented to her that was inclosed in a walnut shell. She even retained her gloves when playing her virginal. One "payr of gloves embrawret with gold," is recorded as having been sent to her sister Mary as a New Year's gift before her accession, and "ten payr of Spanyshe gloves from a Duches in Spayne" came to her a year afterward, while at about that time "a pair of swete gloves" were also presented to her from Mrs. Whellers.

The degradation of any exalted personage in the middle ages was expressed by the deprivation of his gloves—just as a glove was presented to him in the ceremony of bestowing on him lands or honors.

The enormous quantity of so called kid gloves is greatly in excess of the amount of leather afforded by the skins of all the young goats annually killed to supply the demand. There has long been quite a trade carried on in Paris by the gamins in rat skins, who have much profitable sport in catching them at the mouths of the great drains of the city. Our real kid skins come from Switzerland and Tuscany, dispatched from Leghorn.—*Queen.*

How Much a Million Dollars Weighs.

Mr. E. B. Elliott, the Government Actuary, has computed the weight of a million dollars in gold and silver coin as follows:

The standard gold dollar of the United States contains of gold of nine-tenths fineness 25.8 grains, and the standard silver dollar contains of silver of nine-tenths fineness 412.5 grains. One million standard gold dollars, consequently weighs 25,800,000 or 53.750 ounces troy, or 4,579 1-6 pounds troy, of 5,760 grains each, or 3,685,61 pounds avoirdupois of 7,000 grains each, or 1, 843-1,000 "short" tons of 2,000 pounds avoirdupois each, or 1 645-1,000 "long" tons of 2,200 pounds avoirdupois each. One million standard silver dollars weigh 412,500,000 grains, or 859,375 ounces troy, or 71,614.58 pounds troy, or 58,928.57 pounds avoirdupois, or 29 464-100 "short" tons of 2,000 pounds avoirdupois each, or 25 307-1,000 "long" tons of 2,249 pounds avoirdupois each. In round numbers the following table represents the weight of a million dollars in the coins named:

Description of coin.	Tons.
Standard gold coin	1⅘
Standard silver coin	16½
Subsidy silver coin	25
Minor coin, five cent nickel	100

All About a Shoe Peg.

It is laughable to see how little it takes to raise a crowd—or start a story—in a city street.

"Never you mind me," said a bent-over old man, when asked what had happened to him.

"How did he get hurt?" asked a man out of breath.

"Did the horse step on him?" queried a colored man, with spectacles on.

"Where did the dog bite him? Did they shoot the dog? Was it a big dog? Has he got a wife? Did they live together?" rattled a woman made up a good deal like Widow Bedott.

Come and see the man in a fit," sqeaked out a boot black, as he called the rest of the brigade.

"Look out! he's going to shoot!" yelled a big man with red whiskers; and the crowd blew away like dust when the old man slid his hand into his pocket as if for a shooting iron.

Then he straightened himself and started off on his own individual business, muttering something about "What the mischief it was to them if he wanted to sit down and take a peg out of his shoe."

The ruling passion strong in death: "John," feebly moaned a society lady, who was about shuffling off this mortal coil; "John, if the newspapers say anything about my debut into another world, just send me a dozen marked copies."

"I met a lovely woman from Rome, Ga., yesterday, and she said: 'I've been at summer resorts for a month, and all I want now is to be in my back porch at home in a loose wrapper and my face buried in a Georgia watermelon.'"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Polo is a game played by thin-legged young men who smoke cigarettes. They ride sawed-off horses and try to knock a wooden ball across a lot. Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and several other men whose memories are held in high esteem never played polo.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Arabi Bey to his Adjutant before retiring for the night: "You have received the reports from the different commands?" Adjutant—"I have." Arabi—"Our soldiers are securely tied, hand and foot?" Adjutant—"They are." Arabi—"Mash Allah! I shall then have an army to fight with in the morning."

Society life in Des Moines, Iowa: "A young couple in the gallery of the opera house last night were so overcome by the beautiful forms on the stage that they sank into each other's arms with a kiss and a hug. The young man wore an immense wide-brimmed hat, which the young lady worked vigorously as a fan to keep him cool. A rural rooster who saw the performance yelped with envy."

"Pa, what is a pessimist, and what is an optimist?" "A pessimist, my son, is one who takes the surplus kittens, just after they are born, and chloroforms them. The optimist is one who lets the kittens grow up, to live a wretched, starving life; to be tortured continually by boys and other thoughtless animals, and to be finally killed with brickbats and left to rot on the streets."

"Father, if mother should sit in a chair and you should want it, you would say, 'Get up dear.' wouldn't you?" "Yes," said I. "But," said the little four-year-old, "if I should sit in a chair you wanted, you would say, 'Get down, dear?'" "Well, what is the difference?" said she; and as if perfectly satisfied that she had given utterance to a poser, she replaced her thumb in her mouth again, and looked sidewise with a rougish smile on her countenance.

Lately at the Theatre, Royal, Dubbo, Australia, while Mrs South was singing magnificently in "Mme. Angot," a bearded and top-booted miner entered the auditorium and sought out his rough-looking and coarsely-attired mate. "Well, chum? how is it getting on?" asked the late comer. "Well," replied the other, "she was a singin' just like old peaches all to herself, until a lot of yellow idiots and women rushed in and drowned her pretty voice by jining their screeches into a regular gulch squall."

Three years ago a seaside summer boarder, while straying along the bed of a stream that had been left partially bare by excessive drouth, discovered, lying upon the sand, a conchiferous bivalvular mollusk—vulgus, clam—that seemed to be in the last gasp from exhaustion and thirst. Pitying the sore distress of the unhappy bivalve, the stranger took it up and cast it into the deep part of the stream, and went on his way happy in the thought of a kindness done. He speedily forgot the incident. A week ago, however, as he was enjoying again a summer vacation, and sitting near the spot where the event of three years before had taken place, he perceived a clam clamboring laboriously over the rocks toward him. Arrived with much exertion at the feet of the amazed observer the clam opened its shell and disclosed a pearl as large as a hazel nut. This the gentleman unhesitatingly appropriated, and thereupon the grateful clam, smiling clear around to its back hinge, returned joyfully to the water and disappeared with a gurgle of satisfaction.—*From "The Summer Boarder and the Clam."*

Curious Facts.

It is said that alcohol equal to that made from grain can be produced from acorns.

Lockjaw, induced by drinking too freely of ice water while overheated, killed a boy at Ottawa.

A Florida man gathered in one day 800 watermelons from his field, the average weight of which was forty pounds.

The last week of June was the first week for nearly three years that a death from small-pox had not occurred in London.

In the excitement of landing a twenty-five pound salmon at Seabock, W. T., a Boston man lost his gold watch.

A large gray rat is seen regularly every morning walking a wire across a street in Rock Island, Ill. The wire leads from a dry goods store to a restaurant.

A house was left standing right side up in the center of a corn-field by one of the Iowa tornadoes, and nobody in the neighborhood knew whose it was.

Indians will not cook in their wigwams, because they have a theory that if they were to cook inside the steam would collect in their clothing, and draw the lightning.

It is stated that a block of creosoted pine, in use in the street pavement in Galveston for seven years, was recently examined and found to have lost but an eighth of an inch.

A Cincinnati society reporter has mysteriously disappeared, and foul play is suspected, although it is possible that he is hiding somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, as he was well supplied with railroad passes. His last article was an account of the marriage of a pork-packer's daughter, in which report he used the term "swell wedding." It came out in the papers "swill wedding."—*Philadelphia News.*

American compositors are not the only ones who make mistakes. The London *Telegraph* reports Gladstone as saying that he had "sat at the feet of the Game bird of Birmingham," instead of the Gamaliel of Birmingham.

The Sunflower.

Its Value for Oil, as a Febrifuge, and as an Ornament.

Since the sunflower has become fashionable, people have taken to cultivating it. As they want some other excuse than estheticism therefor, they will no doubt be pleased to learn something of the practical utility of the flower. The blossoms will feed the bees, and its seeds are the most excellent food for poultry in Winter, on account of the oil they contain, while the leaves are said to make good fodder if dried in the sun, cut up fine and mixed with bran, for milch cows. In England large quantities of sunflowers are raised solely for the purpose of feeding stock and hens.

In Russia the sunflower is extensively cultivated for the oil the seeds contain. The oil is palatable, clear and flavorless, and it is used for adulterating olive oil, being exported from St. Petersburg to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Next to poppy seed oil, sunflower oil burns the clearest and longest, so that the peasants apply it to household purposes. From the stalks of the plants they also make a good quality of potash, and the residue of the seeds, after the oil is extracted, is made into oil cake for feeding the stock. Sheep, pigs, rabbits and all sorts of poultry will also fatten rapidly upon the oil cake, and will eat the seeds with as good a relish, as they eat corn.

The sunflower will grow anywhere, and it is an excellent plant to absorb bad air and prevent malarial disease. It should, therefore, be planted about pig pens, barn yards and hen roosts, and serve a double purpose. The seeds should be planted twelve inches apart and when ten or twelve inches high earth them up like corn hills, and they will ask no further attention at your hands. Each plant will produce at the lowest estimate one thousand seeds. The center flower often produces that amount, and the lateral flowers several hundred. Six pounds of seed will plant an acre, and it can be planted after the crop of early potatoes has been harvested.

The oil extracted from the seeds is most excellent for making the nicest kind of toilet soap, and if the stalks are treated like flax they will produce a silky, fine fiber, which, it is said, the Chinese use to adulterate their silk manufactures. They raise large quantities of sunflowers, and with them originated the double varieties. The stalks can also be used in manufacturing paper. In New Mexico and some other sections of the Western country the sunflower grows indigenous to the soil, and thousands of square miles are covered with a luxuriant growth of what is, it appears, a really valuable stalk.

The Early Icelander.

Iceland was settled by the well-to-do Northern warriors who came from the land of song and legend. The Norse settler was a solitary man, or at least he lived in his lonely homestead with no society but that of his household and dependents. "He had time to meditate on the deeds of the national heroes and of his own ancestors—time to turn some of his intense energy into the form of poems and histories, and to repeat them to others, who learned them by heart from his lips. His son, very likely, went to Norway; half a warrior, half a poet, he lived a while in the King's Court, had his strong imagination yet further excited by change and wanderings, and returned to Iceland—which then, as now, had for her sons an irresistable attraction—able to tell a better story and chant a better poem than before. And so the light was kindled, and spread from homestead to homestead, and a class of men rose up, the poets or skalds, who could repeat the sagas, word for word, for hours together." Nor had these poetic warriors to draw solely on their reminiscences, or on the old Scandinavian sources for inspiration. On the contrary, as we have said, the most spirited of the sages, which have been immortalized by the intensity of their dramatic realism, were the reproduction of personal experiences or the events of family history. The acts of the drama, with their bloody scenes, might have passed within arrow flight of the author's window; while the flames from the farm he had once rebuilt had thrown their ruddy glare on the water of his own fjord. There was little difficulty in reviving the impressions which left their indelible mark on the memory. And we may remember that the warlike Icelandic settler had a double character. At home he was a peaceful cattle owner and cultivator of the soil, fairly observant of the national laws, and a kindly neighbor, except under provocation. Abroad he was one of those remorseless sea-rovers who were bracketed with famines and fire in the litanies of the suffering coast-Christians. Professional robber as he was, many a wild deed might haunt him in the seclusion of his family circle and the gloom of the northern winter. He was still probably half a heathen at heart, though he had been held over the baptismal font, and vowed devotion to the White Christ.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Experiments on the Eye.

That sensations of light may be produced by mechanical irritation of the nerve of the eye is now shown to be the case, by observations recently made by Schmidt-Kimpler, on person from whom an eye had been removed not long before. A blunt instrument was placed against that part of the orbit in which the stump of the nerve was situated, and the observations were made in a room almost completely dark. Of six persons, in two, pressure on this spot always caused a flash of light on the side of the enucleated eye, and some of them averred that the sensation exactly resembled that which he had before experienced when the eye-ball was galvanized; the same patients experienced a similar sensation when the stump of the nerve was galvanized. The negative result of other cases is explained by the more complete atrophy of the nerve, or greater reaction of the stump.

"Having a little fun with the old man" will cease to be a common festivity when the country as a whole adopts the policy of an Alabama court that sentenced a youthful darkey parricide to fifty years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

Funereal Flowers.

Of all the esthetic and decorative uses of flowers the most delicate and perplexing are at times of death and burial. Who can treat a theme reaching so many broken hearts and darkened homes with gentle, wholesome touch! For something of Christian hope, and the far outlook of faith, have penetrated the savage, half-heathen spirit of funeral observances years ago, and the old ghastliness and terror have given place to something better.

"Jesus lives! No longer now,"

would have broken upon such solemnities with almost intrusive, jarring clamor, once upon a time; and the presense of flowers in the chamber of departure—on the coffin—at the solemn burial of the dead, savored of down-right flippancy. So much for the slumberous, long-clinging shadows of the old Puritan darkness! Yet in the truest elegy in uninspired song we see the poet strewing blossoms and wreaths in his opening lines:

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And with forced fingers rude,
Scatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

And in the tearful climacteric flowers are more forceful than words:

" * * * return Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
* * * * * * *
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attained woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."

Surely, no dreadful hintings of latter-day floral hysteria disturbed the poet's vision; no fell portents of its undertaker's horrors in the way of floral "tributes," and "emblems," and "offerings," of prim, milliner-like crosses, and wreaths, and crowns, and sundry other nameless, innumerables "properties" of lugubrious estheticism, each and all conspicuously labeled with visiting card, and strung on the arm of the vampire-like *attendants mortuary*, and sometimes almost sufficating the officiating clergy—then borne along in the hearse, in the undertakers' open wagons, in carriages after the dead, a bother, a nuisance, and positive torment at the grave side, or the door of the waiting tomb—surely the poet never suffered such unwholesome provisions, or Lycidas would have been buried altogether after a different manner, and we should have lost the crowning elegiac in any language. "Please omit flowers," we may then understand, not as a repudiation of their silent, prescious ministry, but a quiet declaration of the "reserved rights" of the sorrowful—a claim that kindred hands shall provide all these half-sacred offices of floral ministry; an intimation that sympathy shall stop short of officiousness and that ostentatious conventionalities shall not break in upon the privileged sorrows of bereavement. There is no vicarious expression of joy or grief. The florist cannot put into his constructions and designs the eloquence of loving grief, with which the mother winds her few flowers for the adornment of her dead babe! From her hands they catch a language all hearts interpret, and no one misunderstands the mute elegy. We insist upon a reverent recognition of this principle, and protest against the brassy, pitiless intrusion of traffic and conventionality.—*Churchman.*

Tomato Catsup—Tomato Sauce.

The basis of tomato catsup, or ketchup, is the pulp of ripe tomatoes. Many defer making catsup until late in the season, when the cool nights cause the fruit to ripen slowly, and it may be it is gathered hurriedly for fear of a frost. The late fruit does not yield so rich a pulp as that gathered in its prime. The fruit should have all green portions cut out, and be stewed gently until thoroughly cooked. The pulp is then to be separated from the skins by rubbing through a wire sieve, so fine as to retain the seeds. The liquor thus obtained is to be evaporated to a thick pulp over a slow fire, and should be stirred to prevent scorching. The degree of evaporation will depend upon how thick it is desired to have the catsup. We prefer to make it so that it will just pour freely from the bottle. We observe no regular rule in flavoring. Use sufficient salt. Season with cloves, allspice and mace, bruised and tied in a cloth, and boiled in the pulp; add a small quantity of powdered cayenne.—Some add the spices ground fine, directly to the pulp. A clove or garlic, bruised and tied in a cloth, to be boiled with the spices, imparts a delicious flavor.—Some evaporate the pulp to a greater thickness than is needed, and then thin with vinegar or with wine.

An excellent and useful tomato sauce may be made by preparing the pulp, and putting it in small bottles while hot, corked securely and sealed; if desired, the sauce may be salted before bottling, but this is not essential. To add to soups, stews, sauces, and made dishes, a sauce thus prepared is an excellent substitute for the fresh fruit. It should be put in small bottles, containing as much as will be wanted at once, as it will not keep long after opening.—*American Agriculturist.*

This is the way that Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps characterizes the State of Maine in her novel "Doctor Zay," in the Atlantic: "We allers do hev everything wuss here than other folks," said a passenger in the Bangor mail coach. "Freeze and prohibition, mud and fusion. We've got one of the constitutions that takes things, like my boy. He's had the measles, 'n the chicken pox, and the mumps, and the nettle-rash, and fell in love with his schoolmarm, 'n got religion, and lost the prize for elocootin'—all in one darned year."

There are on file in the office of the Controller of Connecticut, in compliance with the repuirements of the State law, the names of nearly or quite 3,000 depositors in the savings bank of the State whose deposits have remained uncalled for and have not been increased otherwise than by the accruing interest for twenty years past. The amounts thus unclaimed range from a few dollars to $3,346.